



Mr. Lewis as Petruchio.

Catherine and Petruchio.

A COMEDY.

ALTERED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGERS'S BOOK

OF THE

Theatre Royal Covent-Garden.

LONDON:

Printed by R. BUTTERS, No. 79, Fleet-street; and sold by all the
Bookfellers in Town and Country.

BS Marshall

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

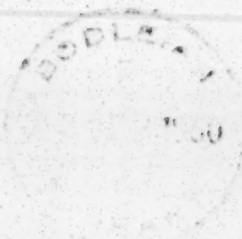
M E N.

Petruchio	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
Baptista	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
Hortensio	-	-	Mr. Helme.
Grumio	-	-	Mr. Quick.
Music-master	-	-	Mr. Stevens.
Biondello	-	-	Mr. Kennedy.
Pedro	-	-	Mr. Swords.
Taylor	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Nathaniel	-	-	Mr. Ledger.
Peter.	-	-	-
Nicholas	-	-	-
Philp	-	-	-
Joseph	-	-	-
Haberdasher	-	-	Mr. Newton.

W O M E N.

Catherine	-	-	Mrs. Bates.
Bianca	-	-	Miss Brangin.
Curtis	-	-	Mrs. White,

SCENE, PADUA.



Catherine and Petruchio.

ACT I. SCENE, *Baptista's House.*

Enter Baptista, and Petruchio.

Bap. **T**HUS have I, 'gainst my own self interest,
Repeated all the worst you are to expect
From my shrewd daughter Catherine; if you'll venture
Maugre my plain and honest declaration,
You have my free consent, win her and wed her.

Pet. Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me.
Anthonio my father, is deceased:
You knew him well, and, knowing him, know me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.
And I have thrust myself into the world,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
My business asketh haste, old Signior,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That cov'nants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Yes, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
My daughter's love, for that is all in ail.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as the proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. And will you woo her, Sir.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Great 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! scare boys with bugs.

Bap. Then thou'rt the man,
ne is not not, but temperate as the morn;

For

4 CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

That shall she know, and know my mind at once.
I'll portion her above her gentle sister,
New married to Hortensio.

Pet. Say'st thou me so? Then as your daughter,
Signior,
Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife;
Be she as curst as Socrates' Xantippe,
She moves me not a whit—Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Bap. Well may it thou woo, and happy be thy speed;
But let thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually,

Catherine and the Music-master make a noise within.
Music-master. Help! help!

Cath. Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that?

Bap. Oh, nothing; this is nothing—
My daughter Catherine and her music-master;
This is the third I've had within this month;
She is an enemy to harmony.

Enter Music-master.

How now, friend, why dost look so pale?

Music-master. For fear, I promise you, if I do look
pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Music-master. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

Music-master. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute
to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them, quoth she, I'll fret your fool's cap:
And with that word, she struck me on the head,
And thro' the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking thro' the lute:
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

I love her ten times more than e'er I did ;

Oh how I long to have a grapple with her !

Musi.-master. I would not make another trial with her,
 er, To purchase Padua : for what is past
 I'm paid sufficiently : If at your leisure,
 You think my broken fortunes, head and lute,
 Deserve some reparation, you know where
 'T' enquire for me ; and to good gentlemen,
 I am your much disorder'd humble servant. [Exit.

Bap. Not yet mov'd, Petruchio ! do you flinch ?

Pet. I am more and more impatient, sir : and long
 d ; To be a partner in those favourite pleasures.

Bap. O, by all means, sir—Will you go with me,
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here. [Exit *Bap.*
 Since that her father is so resolute,
 I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes ;
 Say that she rail, why, then, I'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
 Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses, newly wash'd with dew :
 Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
 Then I'll commen her volubility,
 And say she utterith piercing eloquence.
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As tho' she bid me stay by her a week ;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day.
 When I shall ask the banns, and when he married—
 But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Catherine.

[house !

Cath. How ! turn'd adrift, nor know my father's
 te ? Reduc'd to this, or none, the maid's last prayer ;
 lute Sent to be woo'd like bear unto the stake ?
 Trim wooing like to be !—and he the bear
 For I shall bait him—yet the man's a man.

Pet. Kate in a calm !—Maids must not be wooers.
 ap : Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but impudently said,
 They call me Catherine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,
 But Kate—the prettiest Kate in Christendom.

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation !

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 ne is not not, but temperate as the morn ;

For

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,
 Thy affability and bashful modesty,
 (Yet not so deep y as to thee belongs)
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you
 hither,

Remove you hence! I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

Pet. A moveable? Why, what's that?

Cath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast it; come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Alas, good Kate, I will not burthen thee;
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light——

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch.

[*Going.*

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too
 angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy, then is to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. The fool knows where the honey is, sweet Kate.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Cath. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try.

[*She strikes him.*

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.——

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Cath. How can I help it, when I see that face;
 But I'll be shock'd no longer with the sight. [*Going.*

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry—let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle;
 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
 And now I find report a very liar.

Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Cath. This is beyond all patience; don't provoke me.

Pet. Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?
 Oh sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel twig,
 Is srait, and slender, and as brown in hue

O let me see thou walk, thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st, command.

Pet. D d ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber, with her princely gate?
Oh be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes, in your own conceit,
Keep yourself warm with that, or else you'll freeze.

Pet. Or rather warm me in thy arms, my Kate!
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Cath. Whether I will or no!—O fortune's spite!

Pet. Nay, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee wel)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate.

Cath. That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

Pet. Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Catherine to my wife.

Enter Baptista

Bap. Now, signior, now, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How should I speed but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catherine, in your dumps?

Cath. Call me daughter? Now I promise you
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed one half lunatic;
A mai-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Bap. Better this Jack than starve, and that's your portion—

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not forward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For

8 CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity ;
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
We have fix'd to-morrow for the wedding-day

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd to-morrow, first—To mor-
row ! —————

Bap. Petruchio, hark ; she says she'll see thee hang'd
first ;

Is this your speeding ?

Pet. Oh ! be patient, sir,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ;
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curs'd in company.

Cath. A plague upon his impudence ! I'm vex'd—
I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him. [*Aside.*

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me ; Oh ! the kindest Kate !
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss,
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh ! you are novices ; 'tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone—
Give me thy hand, Kate, I will now away
To buy apparel for my gentle bride :
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guest.

Bap. What dost thou say, my Catherine ! Give thy
hand.

Cath. Never to man shall Cath'rine give her hand :
Here 'tis, and let him take it an' he dare.

Pet. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off ; but as it is Kate's, I kiss it.

Cath. You'll kiss it closer, e'er our moon be wain'd.

Bap. Heav'n send you joy, Petruchio—'tis a match.

Pet. Father and wife, adieu. I must away
Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
Scower their country rust, and make 'em fine,
For the reception of my Catherine
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.

[*Exit Petruchio.*

Bap. Well, daughter, though the man be somewhat
wild,

And thereto frantic, yet his means are great ;
Though hast done well to seize the first kind offer,
For by thy mother's soul, 'twill be the last.

Cath.

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

9

Ca b. My duty, sir, hath followed your command.

Bap. Art thou in earnest? Hast no trick behind?
I'll take thee at thy word, and send t' invite
My son in law, Hortensio, and thy sister,
And all ur friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.

[*Exit Bap.*]

Cat b. Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see
The poor abandon'd Catherine, as she calls me,
Can hold her head as high, and be as proud,
And make her husband stoop unto her lure,
As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.
As double as my portion be my scorn:
Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you.
Catherine shall tame this haggard—or if she fails,
Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails. [*Ex.*]

ACT. II. *Enter Baptista, Hortensio, Catherine, Bianca,
and Attendants*

Bap. **S**IGNIOR Hortensio, this is the appointed day,
That Catherine and Petruchio should be mar-
ried;

And yet we hear not of your son-in law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Hortensio to this shame of ours?

Cat. No shame but mine; I must, fortooth, be forced
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad brain kudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite; yea and proclaim the banns,
Yet never mean to wed were he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Catherine,
And say lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Bian. Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

Hor. Patience, good Catherine, and Bianca too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Wha ever fortune stays him from his word;
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Tho'

Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Carb. Would I had never seen his honesty.—

Oh! I could tear my flesh for very madnets.

[*Exit Catherine.*]

Bap. Follow your sister, gir, and comfort her

[*Exit Bianca.*]

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news! and such news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is Petruchio come?

Bion. Why no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming; but how? Why in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the gladners, waid, in the back, and shoulder shotten, near legged before, and with a half check'd bit; and a head all of sheep leather, which being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O sir, his lacquey for all the world caparisoned like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies pricked upon it for a feather—A monster! a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio, fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, were be these gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, sir.

Bap. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Why were it better, I should rush in thus:

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown;

And wherefore gaze this goodly company?

As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy ?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day ;
First, we were sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided,
Fy ! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Ho. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all along detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear :
Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word ;
But were is Kate ? I stay too long for her ;
The morning wears ; 'tis time we were at church.

Her. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her ?

Pet. Oodsooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with
words !

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss ?

What, ho ! my Kate ! my Kate ! *[Exit Petruchio]*

Her. He hath some meaning in this mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better, ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see th' event of this.

[Exeunt all but Grumio.]

Grum. He's gone swearing to church with her I would
sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold
it, 'tis well—And if I know any thing of myself and
master, no two men were ever born with such qualities
to tame women. — When madam goes home, we
must look for another-guise master than we have had.—
We shall see old Coil between 'em. — If I can spy in-
to futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the
moveables, and some practice for the surgeons. By this
the parson has given 'em his licence to fall together by
the ears.

Enter Pedro.

C 2

P. 2.

Ped. Grumio, your master bid me find you out, and speed you to your country-house, to prepare for his reception, and if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to the directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what follows; This message he delivered before his bride, even in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

Grum. I understand it, sir, and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels, in order to save my bones, and his own ribs.

[*Exit Grumio.*]

Ped. So odd a master, and so fit a man,
Were never seen in Padua before.

Enter Biondello.

Now, Biondello, came you from the church?

Bion. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Ped. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home;

Bion. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Ped. Crazier than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Bion. Why, he's a devil; a devil! a very fiend!

Ped. Why, she's a devil; a devil! the devil's dam.

Bion. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, brother Pedro, when the priest

Did ask if Catherine should be his wife,

Aye, by gogs-wounds, quoth he, and wore so loud

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall his book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Ped. What said the wench when he rose up again?

Bion. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine; a health, quoth he, as if

He'd been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm; quafft off the muscadel,

And threw the fops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His fops as he was drinking. This done he took

The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting

All

CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO

All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me
I know the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before— [Music.]

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

*Enter Petruchio (singing) Catherine, Bianca, Hortensio,
and Baptista.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friend, I thank you for your
pains;

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
And therefore, here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. It's possible you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay;
And honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife;
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Hor. Let me intreat you, stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Bian. Let me intreat you, that my sister stay;
I came on purpose to attend the wedding;
And pass this day in mirth and festival.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content. ———

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content, you shall intreat my stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. My horses, there! what, ho! my horses, there! —

Cath. Nay then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow; nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging, while your boots are green.
For me, I'll not go till I please myself;
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
To take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap. O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath.

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do:
Father, be quiet: he shall say my leisure.

Hor. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and d'mineer;
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
May look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
Ill bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Salut*: *Petruchio*,
Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beset with thieves;
Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee against a mill on, *Kate*. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE I, before Petruchio's House.

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Fy, fy on all jades, and all mad masters, and
foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so
raide? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to
make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them.
Now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips
might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my
mouth, my heart in my belly. ere I should come by a
fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warm
myself, for considering the weather, a taller man than I
will take cold—Holla, ho, *Curtis*? [*Enter Curtis.*]

Cur. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Grum. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a
run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

Grum. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore, fire, fire,
cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a Shrew as she's reported?

Grum. She was, good *Curtis*, before the frost; but
thou

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

1,

thou know'st, winter tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. Away, you thick-pated fool! I am no beast.

Grum. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobweb-swept, the serving-men in their new fustian their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garments on? Be the *Jack's* fair within, the *Jill's* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Grum. First know, my horse is tired, and my master and mistress fallen out.

Cur. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Grum. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Grum. There!

[Strikes him.]

Cur. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore is called a sensible tale: And this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress. —

Cur. Both on one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee? tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before! how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemired her garments, limped to the farm-house, put on *Rebecca's* old shoes and petticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Grum. Ay, for the nonce — and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home — But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*,
Nichola

Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Gregory, and the rest: Let their heads be sleek combed, and their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them courtesy with their l f legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho! *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, &c.* Where are you?

Enter Nathaniel, Philip, &c.

Nath. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Pet. What, *Grumio*!

Nath. Follow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Grum. Welcome, you; how now, you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things near?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our n after?

Grum. Een t hand, alighted y this; and therefore, be not—Cock's passion! Silence, I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Catherine.

Pet. Where are these knaves? What, no man at Door, to hold my stirrup, or to take my horse?

Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip*?

All. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir; here, sir; here, sir; here, sir! You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms; What, no attendance, no regard, no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grum. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whorison milt-horse drudge

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grum. *Nathaniel's* coat, sir, was not fully made;
And *Gabrie's* pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:
There was no line to colour *Pete's* hat,
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but *Jam. Ralph,* and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:
Yet as they are, here they are come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exit Servants.*]

** Enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when!—
Out, out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, *Kate*! Some water here. What, ho!
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter Servant with water.

Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily.

[Servant lets fall the water.]

You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Cath. Indeed I have:

And never was repast so welcome to me.

Pet. Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

Serv. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat——

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me, that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all.

[Throws the meat, &c. about.]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll lie with you straight.

[Exeunt all the Servants.]

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so disposed; I'm sick with fasting.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it;

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better it were that both of us did fast,

Since of ourselves ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over roasted flesh—

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III. — *Enter Catherine and Grumio.*

Grum. NO, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grum. What say you to a neat s foot ?

Cath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is to phlegmatic a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely boil'd ?

Cath. I like it well ; good Grumio fetch it me,

Grum. I cannot tell—I fear, it's choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grum. Aye, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grum. Nay, that I will not, you shall have the
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then, the mustard, dame, without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
That feeds me only with the name of meat. [*Beats him.*]

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery.

Go, get thee gone I say. [*Enter Petruchio.*]

Pet. How fares my *Kate* ?

What, sweeting, all amort ? Mistress, what cheer ?

Cath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me,
For now, my honey-love, we are refresh'd—

Cath. Refresh'd, with what ?

Pet. We will return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things :
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
Now thou hast eat, the taylor slays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown—What news with you, sir ?

Haber. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer ;

A velvet dish : fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy :

Why 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

Away

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Cath. Why, sir; I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears;
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Thou say'st true, *Kate*, it is a paultry cap,
A coward cosin, bauble, filken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, aye, come, taylor, let me see't.
O mercy, Heaven! what making stuff is here?
What's this, a sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-canon;
What up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart!
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what the devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Grun. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

Taylor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel, home;
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Taylor. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh! most monstrous arrogance!
Thou iest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard quarter, nail.
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Brav'd in my own house, with a skein of thread!

Away

Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

Taylor. Your worship is deceived, the gown is made
just as my master had direction; *Grumio* gave order how
it should be done.

Grum. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Taylor. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grum. Marry, sir, with a needle and thread.

Taylor. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grum. Though thou hast faced many things, face not
me: I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown, but
I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ego*, thou liest.

Taylor. Why here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Taylor. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Grum. Master, it ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew
me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a
bottom of brown thread:—I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Taylor. With a small compass cape.

Grum. I confess the cape.

Taylor. With a trunk sleeve.

Grum. I confess two sleeves.

Taylor. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Grum. Error i'th' bill, sir; error i'th' bill; I com-
manded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed upon
again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little
finger be armed in a thimble.

Taylor. This is true that I say; an' I had thee in a
place, thou shouldst know it.

Grum. I am for thee, straight—Come on, you parch-
ment shred! [The fight.]

Pet. What, chickens sparr in presence of the kite!
I'll swoop upon you both? out, out, ye vermin!

[Exeunt them off.]

Cath. For Heaven's sake, sir, have patience! how you
fright me! [Crying.]

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

We will hence, forthwith,

To feast and sport it at thy father's house:

Go call my men, and bring our horses out.

Cath.

Cath. O happy hearing! let us straight be gone;
I cannot tarry here another day.

Pet. Cannot, my Kate! O lie! indeed you can—
Besides, on second thoughts, 'tis now too late;
For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Cath. The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I say it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself;
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross, and cross; nothing but cross!

Grum. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds;
So be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Cath. Just as you please, it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be for your Catherine.

Pet. Well, forward, forward:
But soft, some company is coming here,
And stops our journey.

Enter Baptista, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away;
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Fair, lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Bap. What's all this?

Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow.

Bian. What mummary is this?

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad!
This is Baptista, our old reverend father;
And not a maiden as thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.

Now I perceive thou art my reverend father :

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [*Kne*

Bap. Rise, rise, my child ; what strange vagary's this
I came to see thee, with my son and daughter.

How lik'st thou wedlock ? Art not alter'd, Kate ?

Cath. Indeed I am. I am transform'd to stone.

Pet. Chang'd for the better much ; art not, my Kate ?

Cath. So good a master cannot chuse but mend me.

Hor. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

Bap. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes ; and love, and life,
And lawful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bian. Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon !

What is the matter, Kate ? hold up thy head,
Nor lose our sex's best prerogative,

To wish and have our will——

Pet. Peace, brawler, peace ;

Or I will give the meek Hortensio,

Your husband, there, my taming recipe.

Catherine, I charge thee, tell this headstrong woman,

What duty 'tis she owes her lord and husband.

Cath. Fie, fie, unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor !

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee ;

And, for thy maintenance, commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe ;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, son Petruchio ;

The battle's won, and thou can'st keep the field.

Pet. Oh ! fear me not——

Bap. Then, my new gentle Catherine,

Go home with me along, and I will add

Another dowry to another daughter,

For thou art changed as thou hadst never been.

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

23

Pet. My fortune is sufficient. Here's my wealth;
Kiss me, my Kate; and since thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband;
An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.
Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise,
And be our future lives one gentle stream
Of mutual love, compliance, and regard.
How shameful 'tis when women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where bound to love, to honour, and obey!

T H E E N D.



